John Webb, alias,

Hop-bodee-boody's LAST Will and Testament.

WWho departed this Life at his Nurses Houſe in *Turn-Mill-ſtreet*, in the 85*th*. year of his Age.

WWith his Pretty Exploits, Character, Sayings, and Epitaph.

Printed for *Richard Roſſe*, in the Year, 1674.

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Hop-bodee-boody's last Will and Testament, &c.

THE *Famous* Hopodeeboody, (*whose Life we now intend to Write, for the Information of the present and future Ages, and diverse other good causes and valuable Considerations*) *was by birth a true* Cockney, *for so the Poet resolves the point.*

Right Cockneys *are all those whose Birth is found,*
Where twanging Clapper of Bow-Bell *doth sound.*

He sprouted out of the Parsley-bed, and drew his first breath on this Globe of Mortality in *Thames-street* near *Broken-Wharf*, a place where you may very Comodiously be Landed from Cuckolds haven, and thence take Water again to rights for the Bench in *Southwark*. His Nativity happened in the Year 1589. We would give you the Scheme, but are loath to deprive the Body of Astrology of so proper an Ornament. However, we find by it and a little Algebra, that 'tis now above fourscore and five years ago since his Patents made use of the means to beget him, and truly in that terrible sullen blustering year eighty eight (when the Spaniard came with an Invincible Armado laden with Shovels and Pickaxes to fling all *England* into the Sea) it was very comendably done of this honest couple to be so kind one to another, and mind the work of Generation, some affirm that his Mother when she was big with him was almost frighted out of her wits by her Husbands going to *Tilbury* Camp, which by the power of Imagination made such an impression on the child, that he never had the perfect use of reason. True it is, that *Mercury* combust retrograde and inpitted degrees (bogs of Heaven as one of his Cozens calls them) shews weakness in the Intellectualls, but there is a critical minute for every one to be happy, and *Jupiter* dig-

dignified in the 10*th*. assures us, that if he had not been out of the way, he might have been one of *Tumble-down-Dick*'s Privy council.

He was a thriveing lusty child, till about seven or eight years of Age, at which time by misfortune he happened to fall into the fire, which burnt and disfigured him very much, and from thenceforwards he appeared more and more like a Natural in his actions and deportment.

Some years after this both his father and mother dyed one soon after the other; whilst they lived, they had all things comfortably about them, he being by Trade a Lime-man and she a Laundress; but after their decease their poor Orphan *John VVeb*, (for that was our *Hopbo-dee-boody*'s right Name) Being look'd upon as a shiftless creature, is put out to a Nurse to look after him by the Parish: With whom he had not been long, but an odd accident happens, which proved not a little to his damage at present, and all his Nurses loss in the sequel. Being one day wandring abroad, a charitable Gentleman comisserating his deplorable simplicity gave him a groat, which he being overjoyed at, [for fools are generally fond of money, and indeed 'tis a shreud sign of one to be so] runs with it home and shows it to his Nurse, who thinking it too much for any body to give him, fancyed he had stoln it, and in that conceit would needs go to whip him, who having eat very liberally that morning of pease-porridge, and thereby got a violent looseness, no sooner had she got up his coats, and made his Breech smart, but fear opening his postern-gate, discharged a whole shovelful of Marmalade into the old VVomans chops, half an hours respite she was forced to take to wipe her mouth, and clear her eyes, but then she came upon him more fierce than before, and now it seems all

his Ammunition was ſpent, ſo that being wholly at her mercy, ſhe whipt him beyond all meaſure.

The cruel Hagg ſo flogg'd his Buttocks Brawny.
She mixt the purple Gore with ſquitter'd Tawny.

So ſore for a long time were his Haunches, that he could never forget it, for from thenceforth to his dying day he would never take any money ſave Farthings and Half-pence; and if any body proferr'd him a piece of ſilver he would not touch it, but run away, and cry: *No Groat, no Groat, Nurſe Hipp'd me once for ticking a Groat*; ſo that he counted all ſilver, Groats, and never beg'd but in this ſtile. *Pay for Dod's ſake gi me one Fardin toten.*

When he was about eighteen years of Age, in a very hard froſt, ſeeing great numbers of boys ſliding and hopping upon the Ice at the ſides of the Thames, honeſt ſilly *Jack* would needs make one, but as he was hopping very pleaſantly to the great divertiſement of the ſpectators, The Ice on a ſudden broke, and in dropt Peel-garlick all but the head, where he look't like a Monkey, doing pennance, or a Prickear'd fool holding forth in a Bucking-Tub, but roar'd ſo loud one might have heard him beyond High-gate, till at laſt he was taken out, and becauſe he ſeemed new Chriſtned after the dippers mode, a new name was beſtowed upon him, for ſince this diſaſter was occaſioned by hopping, and that none of his body, but his head could be ſeen, when he was in, an Arch Pickled Rogue that ſtood by, calls him *Hopodeeboody*, a Word whoſe ſtrange ſound took extreamly amongſt the Boys and rabble: inſomuch that he came generally to be cal'd ſo all his life time, ſo that the very children were wont to ſing up and down the ſtreets.

Hopbodeeboody *with his long Locks,*
Out of the Pillery, into the Stocks.

Others

Others ſay that being much addicted to hopping in his youth, but ſo unfortunate, that he always tumbled down with it, people called at firſt *Hopping Booby*, which in time by corruption became *Hopodeeboody*, but which is the true Etymology we muſt refer to the Antiquaries to determine and proceed.

By this time *Hopodeeboody* was attain'd to a legal age of 21. though not to the years of diſcretion, and being now in his prime he plays a trick which we may well call his Maſter-peice', coming one day in the Winter to Trigg-ſtairs, gazing on the River which was then at High-water, ſo near, that a ſtrong luſty Waterman fearing he would tumble in, to frighten him takes him up in his Arms, and ſhook him over the water as one would a child, telling him he would drown him, and asking often, Can you ſwim, ſirrah, can you ſwim. Which made *Hopbody* cry out monſtrouſly, but being ſet down ſafe, he continues ſneaking thereabouts, ſtill meditating a Revenge, at laſt ſeeing that Waterman ſtand on the ſtairs heedleſly with his back towards him, he comes ſlily behind him, and with a ſudden thruſt cants him into the Thames, crying aloud to him when he was in. Can you whim, can you whim. And ſo laughing hop'd away as faſt as he could. This is ſo far from being any fiction, that there is ſcarce an Antient Waterman on the River but will juſtifie it: ſeveral were preſent, by the ſame token one that was going to Launch juſt as the fellow fell in, cry'd, Pox on him, he has made ſuch a hole in the *Thames* I know not how to get my Boat out.

He continued there with ſeveral Nurſes till the time of the great Fire, and then was removed to a Nurſe neer Clarken-well, where Jack Adams and he had diverſe interviews, and ſometimes Wars like to be proclaim'd, till their

their mediating Nurſes compoſed all ſudes with half a dozen of nappy Ale, being ſo very old he grew almoſt quite blind of late, and after a tedious ſickneſs departed this life at his Nurſes in Turn-Mill-ſtreet, from whence his body was conveyed in a Coach down to Broken-Wharf, and there enter'd in the Church-yard belonging to that pariſh.

Hopbodeeboody's laſt Will and Teſtament.

To all and ſingular the Colledge of fools, whether Naturals, Changlings, Fopps, Bubbles, Wiſeacres, Codle-brains, Shuttle-skulls, Half-wits, Simpletons, Nimihamers, or others that ſhall buy theſe preſents Hopbodeeboody *of* Turn-Mill-ſtreet *Gentleman ſendeth greeting.*

KNow ye that I the ſaid Hopbodeeboody, being wearied with carrying about an uſeleſs bundle of bones for above fourſcore years together, and being now of as ſound and diſpoſing memory as I uſe to be, do make this my laſt Will and Teſtament in manner and form following. Imprimis I bequeath my body to the Pit-hole to be decently buried in Flannel, to prevent my catching cold for the future, and a Whip in my hand to keep away the roguiſh Worms from devouring me. *Item* my Muckendars, Bibbs, Half-ſhirts, & all other Linnen of my vvardroab I bequeath to my dearly beloved Nurſe to ſupply her with Lint and Tinder. *Item* my Mannor of Foolsbury Hall in the pariſh of St. Senſeleſs, I bequeath to the corporation of Gotham and their ſucceſſors for ever. *Item* I give all my Tenements in Knave and Fool Court, to the people call'd Quakers, on condition that they ſhall maintain

tain Lectures thrice a Week, in praiſe of folly, at their ſanctified new Theatre by Gracious ſtreet. *Item* to all, & every perſon, or perſons that ſhall refuſe Money when they may have it, that ſhall be aſhamed to kiſs a Wench the like, becauſe ſhe is fine, or will believe a Woman when ſhe ſwears to her dying husband that ſhe will never marry again, I give and bequeath all my Honors and Title of Hopbodeeboody to remain to them and their heirs for ever. *Item* I make my truſty friend *John Hart*, Knight of the Draw-Cart, and innocent *Luke* Executor of this my laſt Will and Teſtament, and give and bequeath to them the ſum of one pound to be received out of my perſonal Eſtate when they ſhall reſpectively arrive at the Age of diſcretion, publiſhed, declared, and ſealed with a Farthing token, and Kitchinſtuff, this firſt Day of April. 1674.

His Character.

H*opbodeeboody* was a creature that nature made in a a Hurry, and ſo turn'd him over to fortune, who only took care to keep him from ſtarving, alledging he had not Knavery enough to be preferred with the reſt of her Children, he was freer by far of his bleſſings than the Pope is, for he would beſtow them at any time for a farthin token: his beard ſpoke him a Philoſopher, but his Muckender proclaim'd him thrice a child. However the young Wenches lov'd him mightily, firſt becauſe 'tis more natural to them to love fools then wiſe men, for like loves it's like, ſecondly becauſe he returnd them their own wiſhes, and ſaid thoſe prayers aloud in the ſtreets, that they are alvvays muttering in their cloſers, that God vvould ſend them handſome Rich luſty Husbands, fine cloaths, good victuals, ſtrong drink, long ſleeps, and no vvork. He vvould eat butter'd Fiſh vvith both hands at

once,

once, and car'd not how dear Wine was if he might but have a Gallon of Ale for a mornings Draught; he hated nothing but small beer and a Groat, and knew no Authority or punishment beyond his Nurses Wand; whilst he lived he and she were inseperable Companions in the Day, whatever they were in the night, and so fit one for another, that 'tis pitty any thing but a grave should part them.

Hopbodeeboody's Sayings.

I'Le tell you a good Jest,
I had not thought,
Say she, say she,
And so says he,
Yours more than my own,
Are you there with your Bears thought I,
Cry Mercy I took you for a Joynt-stool;
Spend and *God* will send,
I beg your Diversion Sir.
'Tis better to buy off an Enemy than reward a friend,
Images are Lay-mens books.
She call'd you a whore, but did she say, she would prove (you a whore?
Farewell and be hang'd that's twice good buy.
Your humble Trout Sir.

His Epitaph.

Reader! under this heap of stones,
Lyes old Hopbodeeboody's bones,
Who always beg'd for farthing token,
And with good Ale was always soaken:
Long time he liv'd, enough to see,
Most men do sillier things than he:
But now he's gone, 'tis ne'r the worse,
For any I know but his Nurse.
Yet still to her his love appears,
For all his Bibbs and Muckenders,
He left to her as Legacies,
Wherewith to dry her blubber'd eyes.

FINIS.